

should i reverse this pattern  
and get a look at things  
from the floor up:  
a stargazer with the floor beasts?  
reject the dainty grammarian  
on high? yes, i'll punctuate my life  
with a wing-bone behind my ear,  
preaching of a whimsical planet.

ruck-sack

i have always kept a loaded ruck-sack  
in my closet.

no one has ever seen it, nor will they  
until i throw it up over a shoulder  
and wave goodbye with the other hand.

i'm a gypsy with a mustang, nine  
buttondown collar shirts, six hundred books  
filled with hokum and humbug, and who  
will get it all when i've hit the wind --  
naturally, my worst of enemies.

i play a good game.  
i've cleansed myself with a slight tint of liberalism,  
laugh at revolutionaries and other god makers,  
plan to go pipi on the governors spats  
if he ever shows up.

i made ready for this trip several months ago  
while meditating on the general electric trade mark.  
such a mystical configuration the world has never seen.

all my madness is packed in that bag:  
Ellison's The Invisible Man, The Rosy Crucifixion  
(all three parts), a few letters from  
the girl in the pearlescent go-go boots,  
a roll of chiffon toilet paper for gaga moments  
when a bush will become a cherishable experience.

hello ruck-sack:

hello green twig sizzling, whistling, hissing  
in the campfire:

hello rezina, raki, chilly swill of Parkbrau:

hello daughter watchers in train stations:

ruck-sack and i are coming through,  
hoping to get our fingers in your ears.